Lillie Pozer

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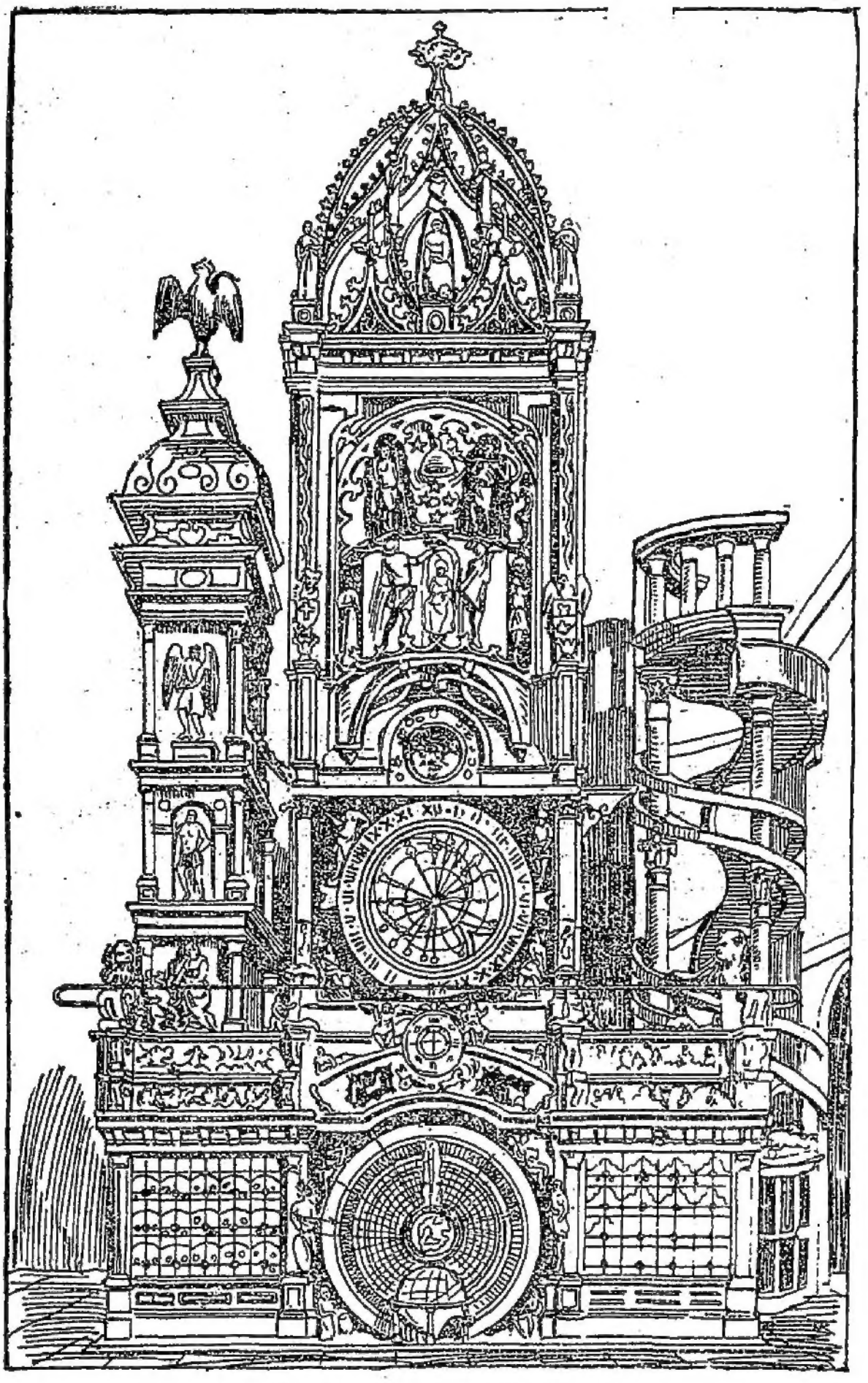
Some Famous Clocks.

(By Anthony Harland, in 'Hand and Heart.')

The last great clock which has been added to the horological wonders of the world is a piece of mechanism that vies with the elaborate marvel of Strasburg Cathedral, and puts the processional curiosity of Berne Tower into the shade. This wonderful clock was due to the effort of the renowned Christian Martin of Villingen, in the Black Forest. The Schwartzwald is a wonderful place for native ingenuity, and Christian Martin won the reputation of being the most remarkable of all the deft and patient mechanicians of that industrious, thriving, and out-of-the-way district sacred to the legendary lore, pine-clad mountains, tumbling streams, straw hats, musical boxes, and cuckoo clocks.

This latest addition to the curiosities of clock-making is said, in its way, to surpass anything of the kind yet attempted. It is three and a half metres high, two and three-quarters broad, and shows the seconds, minutes, quarter-hours, hours, days, weeks, months, the four seasons, the years, the leap years until the last sound of the year 99,999 of the Christian era. Moreover, it tells on its face the correct time in every latitude of the Northern and Southern Hemisphere, together with the phases of the moon, and a variety of useful information generally confined to the pages of an almanack. It contains a vast number of working figures representing the life of man, the creed of Christendom, and the ancient Pagan and Teutonic mythologies. Sixty separate and individualized statuettes strike the sixty minutes. Death is represented in the form of a skeleton. In another part appear the Twelve Apostles, the Seven Ages of Man, modelled after the description of Shakespeare, the Four Seasons, the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and so on. During the night time a watchman sallies forth, and blows the hour upon his horn, while at sunrise the chanticleer appears and crows lustily. The cuckoo also calls, but only once a year—in the first day in spring.

Besides the figures there is a whole series of movable pictures in enamel, exhibiting in succession the seven days of Creation and the fourteen stations of the Cross. At a certain hour a youth rings a bell in the spire, and kneels down and folds his hands, as if in prayer; and, above all, the musical works have a sweet and delicious flute-like tone.



THE GREAT CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

The Strasburg clock, which when perfected excelled every other work of the kind in existence, was contrived by Conrad Darypodius, professor of mathematics in the University of Strasburg; and under his superintendence it was finished in the space of about three years—having been begun in May, 1571, and completed on June 24, 1574.

A curious circumstance is related of its construction. The artisan who contrived and made this clock becoming blind before he had terminated his labor, it became a question of some difficulty and of much importance how the work was to be completed. The public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they, being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed; and the blind artisan, anxious to reap all the honor himself, not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information, but offered to complete the work, blind as he was; and this very wonderful and ingenious piece of mechanism now remains, not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the acuteness communicated to one sense by the deprivation of another.

England has possessed many curious turret clocks, though not at all equal to what may be seen on the Continent. Tourists and travellers in Switzerland who have visited the quaint city of Berne will not fail to remember the performance of the bears on the east side of the clock tower. They will recall how, a little before the hour, the wooden cock—copied, as it appears, by Martin—gives the signal by clapping its wings and uttering a shrill crow; and how the troop of bears, solemnly and somewhat grotesquely, march round the seated figure of an old man, while Harlequin strikes upon a bell. When the hour sounds, the old man opens his mouth, nods his head, turns his sand-glass, and raises and lets fall his sceptre. Then the bear on the right also bows his head, while a figure on the tower above marks the flight of time by beating on a bell with a hammer, the cock concluding the performance by crowing loudly, as it is said in the Scripture, for the third time. To Londoners of middle age, it seems but yesterday since a crowd gathered on the opposite side of Fleet street to witness the two figures armed with clubs, striking the hours beneath the pediment of St. Dunstan's Church—an exhibition hourly repeated in the neighborhood

of Bow Church, Cheapside, at the present day. When the old church was destroyed, preparatory to the erection of the present structure, the cock was disposed of by public auction, and purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, who caused it to be removed, and placed in the grounds of the villa built for him by Decimus Burton in the Regent's Park, where it may still be seen in good working order.

Probably the nearest approach to Martin's horologe in England is that at Wells Cathedral, originally designed by Peter Lightfoot in the fourteenth century. The dial is divided into twenty-four hours, and shows the motion of the two great heavenly bodies. Above, in a couple of niches or caverns, are seen eight knights on horseback, fully equipped, and tilting at one another. Four angels carved in relief, ornament the corners. Lightfoot, by the way, made this clock for the monastery at Glastonbury, whence it was removed to Wells at the Reformation. The original works, however, gradually wore out, and were replaced by new ones about sixty years since.

The most ancient clock in actual use during the present generation was that erected in St. James's Palace; next comes St. Paul's, a fine example of its kind; and another excellent specimen of eighteenth-century manufacture is that attached to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. The actual oldest clock in England was set up close to Westminster Hall in 1288, and paid for out of fines levied by the King's Chief Justice. Who made the first clock, or where it was manufactured, no one can tell. All we know is that Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, sent as a present to the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, in 1232, 'a machine of wonderful construction valued at five thousand ducats.' This clock, for such it undoubtedly must have been, was governed by weights and wheels. It told the time with 'infallible certainty,' as the world then supposed, although a few minutes' loss or gain in the hour was not considered of much consequence by our slow-going ancestors. As likely as not German artificers introduced clocks into England, as assuredly they did into Italy; and that at Westminster was soon followed by another placed in Canterbury Cathedral, before the century had run its course, at a cost of thirty pounds.

The Black Forest manufactures find their way all over the world. In the ninety-two parishes known as the clock-making country there are over four thousand masters, employing some fourteen thousand hands,—men, women, and children; and this industrial army annually turns out little short of two millions of timepieces, at an average value of ten shillings apiece. Less than thirty years ago all the clocks made in the Forest were hand-wrought throughout, and each artisan began and finished his work under his own roof. The introduction of machinery, however, has greaty altered the character of the trade, to the advantage of the consumer, and, be it said, of the excellence of the manufacture.

The magnificent clock of Christian Martin of Villingen, will be the pride and boast of the Forest for many a winter to come, among these sturdy, ingenious, independent agriculturist artisans, equally at home in the use of the spade and the hoe, the saw, the file, and the graving-tool.

Can you tell what it is to be a Christian?
To believe what Christ says.
Anything else?
To do as he commands.
Can children become Christians?
O, yes! Christ's commands are so easy, that children even can obey them.—'Sunbeam.'

Counterfeits.

Coins, yes, no doubt about it, and of various sizes, too. Here's a half-crown, a florin, and a shilling. Yonder is a six-pence and some smaller pieces. But whatever can they mean by exhibiting them in a railway booking office?' A friend and I were standing in a railway booking office of a London and North-Western Railway Station, and about to take our tickets to go by the express for the north, due in a few minutes, when we observed what appeared to be a row of silver coins, nailed to the window of the booking office. The clerk smiled as he heard our remark, and said, 'They are counterfeit coins, sir, every one of them, that people have tried to pass as genuine silver.' 'And I suppose you have put them up there as a warning to others not to try the same game,' I said. 'That's it, sir,' rejoined the clerk. They certainly look very like the true thing. They are the same in size and outward appearance; in fact some of them look brighter than the genuine coins I was giving him in payment for my ticket. But they had not the genuine ring, and when tested they were found to be false.

I had just time to see a small instrument fixed to the counter, evidently for the purpose of testing the doubtful ones, when the express steamed into the station, and in a few minutes we were off; but I often think of the counterfeit coins and the testing instrument, and of the likeness they bear to greater things.

There are real Christians in this world: men and women who have been born of God, and are on the way to heaven. There are many hypocrites, also; who try to pass themselves off as real Christians. They have all the outward show that is necessary, but in the sight of God they are base metal. They have not the genuine ring about them, and when the testing day comes it will be made manifest that they are counterfeits. People point at them and quote their inconsistencies, as if every child of God was a hypocrite because they are. But this is unfair. Reasoning in this way, I might as well conclude that every silver coin was a counterfeit, because the few on the window were so. But it is just the opposite. The very fact that there are false ones proves the existence of what is real. Counterfeit shillings would never have been coined but for the existence of real ones. But the genuine silver shilling is nothing the worse because of the counterfeit, nor is the true child of God any the less so because there are hypocrites.

Reader, are you a hypocrite? Do you keep up the outward profession of being a Christian, when in the sight of God you know it is a sham? Your day is coming. The mask will drop, and the voice of the Son of God will declare—'I never knew you.'—Christian Ambassador.'

The Supreme Object.

A woman in poor health, poor in this world's goods, pressed down with the care of a large family, with the merest 'name to live,' in the church, and, when moving about amid her domestic cares, had these specific reflections one day pass with wonderful impressiveness through her mind: 'I shall die soon and stand in the presence of God. I do not desire to meet my God there on a short or slight acquaintance. I desire to know him fully by that time. From this moment it shall be my supreme object to know God, understand his way and find grace in his sight.'

Without relaxation of fidelity to family duty, she set her whole heart upon knowing and walking with God. When about her daily care she would have a bible open upon a shelf, so that as she passed around she could stop a moment and read a passage, and then make it the subject of meditation and prayer. With the same diligence she read the most spiritual works she could obtain, the Oberlin 'Evangelist,' especially. In prayer her importunity would admit of no denial. In a short time the baptism came, and visions of God filled her whole being. She beheld 'with open face the glory of the Lord,' and truly her 'fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.' As a consequence her character became mildly and gloriously radiant through the whole community. Even infidels—and there were numbers of them in the place—confessed that there was Christian character in its genuineness and perfection of beauty. In the revival of religion which followed, none had such power with the people as she. The sisters of the church came together and did up her fall and winter sewing, that she might visit from house to house. All the cavils of infidels, Universalists and worldlings were silenced under the divine radiance of her character.—Rev. Asa Mahan.

A Cry as of Pain.

(By Miss Sarah Stock.)

A cry as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying,
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing;
It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

Oh! hark to the call;
It comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall;
Come over and help us! in bondage we languish;
Come over and help us! we die in our anguish;
It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing his name to extol;
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing;
'For Christ's sake' to me;
'For Christ's sake' to thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we,
Inspire thou the answer and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar thou shouldst send us,
O grant that thy mercy may ever attend us.
That each one may be
A witness for thee,
Till all the earth shall thy glory see!
—'China's Millions.'

Giving.

A little girl six years of age, who was very desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others, when saying her evening prayers at her father's knee, hesitated a moment, and then added, 'Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake. Amen!' She prayed thus every night after giving her pennies for the missionary box.—'Good Cheer.'

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nagar, in India; and I think I must own at least one bottle of medicine in several hospitals in China; and I own a few nails in a home mission church out West, and a shingle or two in a parsonage; and I own a small share in one of those little Armenian orphans in Cesarea; and, what is more, I know a little something about every place where my money has gone. I do not know yet all about the battlefield, or even where the battle is hottest, but I have learned the names of a few of the commanders, and something about the victories they have won. Do you know, girls, the more I read about it the more I want to give, and the more I give the more I want to read about it all. It works both ways. Oh, girls! you must just try it!'

'I have a great mind to do it,' said Grace.

'Let's all promise quick while we feel like it,' said Nell, 'for I am afraid I shall not do it at all unless I agree to it now, while I am all stirred up by Nan's preach. I think you ought to be a minister, Nan.'

'Agreed,' said May. 'I'll promise it for a month, at any rate, and I will lay aside one-tenth of the money that is in my pocket-book this minute.'

'So will I,' said Grace.

'Me, too,' said Nell, 'and if it works well I'll coax two more people I know to join. But here we are in Boston. I hope I shall not go into White's and order a half a yard of Tenth Legion.'

Martha's Chance to Help Folks.

(Lucie Dayton-Phillips, in 'Arkansas Baptist.')

Three new names were added to the membership list of the Young People's Union of the Baptist Church in Pemberton, at its meeting the last Sunday afternoon in May.

These new names were presented to the Union by one of its most active workers, Miss Gertrude Thaxter, and she was very anxious to make their owners feel entirely welcome, and also quite at home, in the Society to which they now belonged.

The two young men—new clerks in a big grocery store—seemed to fall in line very well; but there was more trouble in getting the third, an awkward, red-haired girl, recently come to Pemberton as 'help' in one of its wealthiest families, to fit in with the rest.

She stood at Miss Thaxter's side, twisting her handkerchief and shifting her position this way and that, looking the picture of bashful misery, while the young lady was kindly introducing her to one or two of the members, before she left her to take her place at the organ.

'We want you to feel that you are among friends at our union,' said Miss Gertrude, heartily; 'indeed, we are all brothers and sisters here, and you'll soon get acquainted.'

Yet the bright-faced young lady felt she had made a mistake, perhaps, in bringing Martha Brown into her beloved Society. For between the cultured members of the Young People's Union and this new-comer, in her coarse stuff gown, with her awkward, 'countrified' manner, there seemed all at once a great gulf fixed.

Did she see it and feel it?

Yes, she did! Martha was at this very moment asking her sad young heart if she could ever hope to win a little love from these lovely creatures in their soft, spring raiment and fluttering plumage—if even one of these beautiful girls would ever be 'real friends with her,' so poor and homely and plain!

To confess the truth, she had been very lonely and homesick ever since she had become 'second girl' in Judge Culberson's family, who lived in the handsomest residence in Pemberton, one of the most aristocratic old towns in the State.

At home, Martha had greatly enjoyed the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting of the village church she attended, having 'no end of a good time' everywhere she went with her country 'chums' and friendly neighbors.

But here she had not gone out at all, not even to church on Sunday. And that was one reason why the forlorn girl had been so pleased when the handsome Miss Thaxter had asked her to join the Young People's Union.

Surely she would make some friends now—surely she would find some 'nice folks' to go with!

And the members had been very polite to poor, bashful Martha. Several of them had shaken hands with her. And the prettiest of all young ladies, a Miss Lulu McClendon, had shared her hymn-book with her as kindly as possible. It might be—yes, it must be that! Her stuff dress and straw sailor had been too plain to go to that nice church and meet all those well-dressed young people. She must do better by herself if she would make real friends of them.

She was a little late at the next meeting of the Union.

Gertrude Thaxter was just concluding with a feeling of unconscious relief that the new girl did not mean to come, when she—came.

She had made a wonderful toilet, in which her own delight and satisfaction were most evident.

A bright green China silk replaced the brown stuff gown; a small flower-bonnet of well-open, red cloth roses, the straw sailor. Her plump hands were gloved in yellow kids, a size or two too large.

Yet, she turned shy and ill at ease, in spite of all her new finery, as soon as she had taken a seat. She felt herself out of place still in that softly-lighted room.

Waves of bashful misery swept her freckled cheeks as she noticed one or two of the younger members regarding her.

'I'll never come here again,' she was saying to herself. 'None of 'em keers about me, because I live out, because I work for my livin.' They are all hateful, stuckup folks, anyhow.'

But it happened just at this moment that a brown-haired girl in a black lace gown, with a bunch of orchids at her white throat, leaned over and whispered:

'I have been away from Pemberton for a month or two and so have not met our new members. But I am so glad you have joined us. Isn't our Union a splendid band of workers? Have you got acquainted with all of us yet?'

'Not—all,' said Martha, looking wistfully in Gwendolen Donaldson's sweet eyes.

'Well, you will right away, now I've come,' she went on, laughing softly, and she told the new girl how pleased she was to have her for a fellow-worker in the cause of Christ.

Miss Harcourt, the beautiful young heiress, whose summer home was here, had been perusuaded to join the Union a few weeks since and she had begun to take quite an interest in the energetic little Society. She was surprised, however, at the conduct of her friend, Gwendolen.

'Just see her making much of that girl Gertrude Thaxter was silly enough to bring here,' she said to her next neighbor, Mr. Clarence Holmes, who was writing down some committees for the next week's work. 'But for her and Gwendolen we would have no such trash in our membership. I wish they would let such creatures alone.'

'And yet it is 'such creatures'—it may be—that need help, Isabel; need friends, companionship, to lift them up to a higher plane.'

They were beginning to sing 'Rescue the perishing,' now, and he did not catch her answer. The 'creature' referred to by those proud young lips had feeling; he saw that.

As she sang, the tears stood in Martha's round, blue eyes and rolled down the freckled cheeks.

'Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more;'

chanted the pure young voices.

'What did I tell you,' said Mr. Holmes, pointing to the words in Isabel's hymnbook, 'there is longing for love and sympathy this very moment, for see her wipe her eyes—poor thing!'

'But girls like that spoil the looks of things so, Clarence! They can never harmonize with the surroundings we are accustomed to. Oh, I believe in speaking to them kindly, but—.'

'Good words and no deeds,
Are only rushes and reeds'

quoted Holmes.

'You are mistaken if you think that I am unwilling to help them,' went on Miss Harcourt, coldly. 'I really enjoy the work of our city missions. But I have never taken to the idea of having such girls in such societies as ours. I can't see the use or sense in their joining this Union. What could this poor, ignorant creature do for me, for instance, or I for her?'

'Do you know a heart that hungers,
Speak the word that's needed so;
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.'

sang the Union, led by Gertrude's rich, young voice.

Martha whispered to her new friend, shyly:

'They are true as can be—them words. It does me no end of good to help folks. That's one reason why I joined this Society, to git more chances, you see.'

'Yes, child, I see,' returned Gwendolen, with her sympathetic smile. 'And let me hope you'll get lots of chances.'

'An' I'm comin' to the meetin's every time,' she went on, confidingly. 'I thought I'd stay away awhile ago, but you speak so kind, it makes me want to come. I'd like to get to know folks and make a friend or two, so that I—'

'I understand just how you feel, dear,' said the young lady, gently; 'and do you know, I've an impression that there's a special work for you to do among us; that God sent you here for a special purpose?'

Martha Brown went back to her round of tasks in the fine house on the hill-side happy and contented that afternoon.

'Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness.'

She sang the lines over and over as she swept and dusted the beautiful rooms.

Miss Donaldson came early to the meeting on the last Sunday in June, and Martha did also, as the two had some work 'to cut out' together.

Mr. Holmes entered the committee-room hastily and went at once up to Gwendolen.

'I wonder if you have heard the terrible news,' he began, his handsome face haggard

and pale with emotion. 'The terrible news about Miss Harcourt ?'

'No ! What can have happened ?' exclaimed Miss Donaldson.

'She has—smallpox.'

'Isabel Harcourt—smallpox ! Is it possible ?'

'Yes ! She was exposed to the infection without knowing it, and two days ago the disease developed in the most alarming form.'

'Oh, Mr. Holmes, how dreadful !' cried the girl, who had turned very white. 'I can hardly bear to think of it.'

'And she so—so beautiful and—young,' said he, in a broken voice.

'Who's nursin' her ?' questioned Martha, briefly.

'Ah, that's one of the most terrible things about an infectious disease like smallpox. Everybody fears and dreads it so intensely ! The doctors have shut out everybody but themselves until the trained nurse they have telegraphed to St. Louis for reaches here. They can get no sort of nurse around Pemberton, it seems. Her mother is dead, her father travelling in Europe, and the aunt who keeps house for her is ill herself with malarial fever. They shut me out, of course. And the city nurse is not expected till to-morrow or the day after. But the poor girl needs every care and attention now. Indeed, Dr. Burns says her one chance for life lies in the nursing she receives in the early stages of the disease, and since that is—is—' He could go no further, poor fellow !

'You know where she lives, Miss Gwendolen,' said Martha, now turning to her. 'Suppose you write down the way to go on this piece of paper, and I'll not wait till the meeting is out, but will start right away.'

'What do you mean, child ?' asked Miss Donaldson.

'Oh, I'll go and nurse her, I guess. Won't you please, ma'am, speak to Mrs. Culberson, and say Janie Moore will be glad to take my place ? She won't want me again.'

'But, Martha, have you had smallpox yourself ?'

'Well, no, ma'am. I've got about the best scar where I was vaccinated, howsomever, that you have seen lately,' and she blushingly bared her round arm for Gwendolen's inspection.

'It took fine, you see, an' so I'm a-goin,' she went on, pulling down her sleeve hurriedly and fastening the cuff.

But Miss Donaldson impulsively pressed her lips to the soft flesh.

'Martha, you are an angel,' she whispered, with tears in her big, brown eyes.

'La, no, Miss Gwendolen, I aint ! But I uster foller nursin' a good deal, an' I ruther like to take keer o' sick folks. And I been a wantin' a chance to help folks, you see. Good-bye, Miss Gwendolen.'

Gwendolen kissed her tenderly, and the three separated.

Martha Brown looked almost beautiful to poor Isabel when she entered the dim room where the stricken girl lay moaning and tossing in her pain and fever.

'I've come to nurse you,' she explained briefly. 'I belong to the Union, you see, and we promised to help each other.'

That was all. Martha was not a person of many words. But the heiress hid her face and wept.

Oh, how little had she deserved this !

Martha, however, would never allow her to say why, though Isabel made more than one effort to tell her. The trained nurse failed to come, but she was not needed, as it happened.

The country girl made herself quite at home at Seven Oaks, and cared for the patient as a devoted, unselfish sister might have done.

The 'poor, ignorant creature,' as the haughty young heiress had once called her, proved not only the most faithful but the most skilful of nurses, and to Martha—not themselves—both doctors declared Isabel owed her life.

At last Miss Harcourt was able to leave her room, and could no longer be considered an invalid.

Thanks to the nurse's firmness and watchfulness, the lovely face was unscarred, and as she arranged the young lady's toilet 'to see company,' for Mr. Holmes was to be permitted a first, brief interview, Martha thought her more beautiful than she had ever seen her. And, like Othello, she felt her 'occupation gone.'

'I guess I'd as well go home to-morrow, Miss Isabel,' she said, as she brushed the long, heavy, bronze hair. 'You don't need no nurse now, and I mus' be a lookin' out for another place, somewhere.'

She stifled a sigh. Places were not easily gotten in the country, and the one she had given up at Judge Culberson's had paid her well.

'What are you talking about, Martha ?' asked Isabel. 'Do you suppose I'll ever let you live out any more ? Do you suppose I'll ever forget what you've done for me ? Why, you are to share my home always—you are going to stay with me, you dear child.'

And Miss Harcourt threw her arms about Martha's neck, kissing her tenderly.

'But there's mother, you see, Miss Isabel,' said the girl, with shining eyes. It was so sweet to even 'second girls' to be loved and appreciated.

'Well, we knew how you would feel about her, child. And my aunt's too feeble to look after this big place, and so we thought your mother might try the work at 'a good salary'

'I will write to her about it, Miss Isabel.'

'Why, my aunt wrote herself, a week ago, confessed the young lady, laughing. 'I like to carry out my plans at once, you see. And she's coming this very afternoon—to stay.'

The next time Miss Harcourt attended the meeting of the Young People's Union in the Pemberton Church, Martha was with her.

You would hardly have known the girl, however. She was looking so sweet and lady-like in her new suit of golden-brown cloth, with velvet trimmings, and a big picture hat, wreathed with plumes. She wore but one article of jewellery, a tiny gold watch, the gift of Clarence Holmes. There was a slender, yet elegant chain attached, to which was suspended Isabel's latest gift, an exquisite locket, containing her picture—her proud, beautiful young face.

These two, soon to be one in very truth, are the dearest friends of Martha's new life, and they are planning to make it both happy and useful. So she is going off to school in another month; she is going to fit herself for a teacher.

They sang 'Rescue the Perishing' that September afternoon—just as they had done in May. And when the glad chorus was taken up by those pure young voices, followed by the stanza :

'Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more,'

there were at least five of those members whose souls were thrilled by the words as they had not ever been before.

Gertrude Thaxter, who had brought the lonely country girl to the Union, and had seen what came of it; Gwendolen Donaldson, who had felt impressed from the first that it was for some such time as this that Martha had come into their midst; Isabel Harcourt, who had doubted whether such common souls could be lifted up. Clarence Holmes, who would fain have the proud young creature he loved see things in a different light and recognize, for herself, the needs of the poor and humble at the hands of the rich and great.

All these, besides Martha, who,

'Touched by a loving heart,
And wakened by kindness,'

decided to be loyal to the Union and its noble principles, to 'help folks' as she 'got the chance;' and, later on, did find a rare opportunity to 'rescue the perishing,' which she embraced as only a brave and tender soul could do.

A C.E. Society in San Sebastian, Spain.

(Letters from Miss Anna F. Webb.)

My dear friends : I am sure you will all be interested to know that Christian Endeavor work, which has done so much to develope spirituality and Christian activity in the young people of America and England, is beginning to take hold of the Spanish Protestant youth, and show them that there is a share for them in the work of advancing Christ's kingdom. For a long time there has been a Christian Endeavor Society here in the College in San Sebastian, but the work did not begin to spread until about three years ago, when our Spanish pastor in Santander started one in connection with his church. Now he is most enthusiastic over its success, and considers it one of the most important adjuncts to his work in that city. Then one of our graduates began a society in her day school near Huelva, in the copper mines of Rio Tinto. The fourth society was started a year and a half ago by another of our graduates in her school, also in the mining region, near Cadiz.

Two Junior Societies have also been organized, one in San Sebastian and the other in Santander. The latter is conducted by another of our graduates, all of whom are very loyal Christian Endeavorers. But our last-formed society, the seventh, is for boys, and it is about this one that I want to write.

In our day school in San Sebastian we have a great many boys who are allowed by their parents to attend our school until they are old enough to take the primera comunión. Then they are obliged to confess, and as absolution would not be given them by the priests if they still had connection with the Protestants, at the age of twelve or fourteen, the very time when we want to keep the firm hold upon these lads, they are removed from the school, and we often lose them entirely.

For a long time we have been wishing to find some way to keep our influence over them, and attract them to our church services. Two or three methods have been tried, with indifferent success. At last we determined to see if it would be possible to interest them in Endeavor work, and Miss Bushée, another member of our faculty, Dona Esther, one of our graduates, and I invited to meet us one Sunday afternoon two boys who had been pupils of our day school some three years ago, and who still occasionally attend our services.

Even if we could form a society, it was a great question when we could hold the meetings, for the boys are busy at their shops

or offices until six p. m. or later, and then attend the city night school, to continue their studies in bookkeeping, French, mathematics, drawing, etc. So there was absolutely no day but Sunday. And this, from time immemorial, has been a dia de fiesta (feast day) for every Spaniard. That afternoon and evening is the time for the bull-fight, the best concert, the theatre, and, lacking any of these attractions, this opportunity is improved by the promenade, or the long walk al campo (in the country) of which the Spaniard is so fond.

So we wondered if any of the boys would be willing to forego these diversions for what they would consider the doubtful pleasure of a prayer meeting. You must remember, too, that the words Christian Endeavor mean no more to them than Greek. Several days previous to the appointed Sunday we spent in wondering how we could possibly arouse their interest. Singing always makes a meeting lively; but could these lads sing? Would they be too shy to if they could? Would they be too bored by what we did and said to ever come again? At any rate we would make it short; it should not be longer than a half hour. And so on and on; we feared and trembled, but we did not forget to pray.

The afternoon came, and it was raining,—no, it was pouring bucketfuls. I have seldom seem such a downpour even in Spain, and I solemnly assure you, dear friends, that is saying a great deal. Two o'clock, the hour appointed, came, and Miss Bushée, Dona Esther, and I assembled in a room with a piano and waited. The doorbell rang, and a boy who had been our portero for a while came in with two of the oldest lads of the day-school, who will probably soon leave it. While they were shaking the water from their clothes like big Newfoundland dogs, two others were ushered in, Luis and Benito, who left us some years ago. Our long-desired opportunity had come! You can all imagine the fervent prayers that sprang from our hearts that God would take them and us under his all-wise guidance and teaching.

I suggested, rather timidly, that we should sing some hymn that they knew, relying upon Dona Esther's strong voice to carry us through without an absolute breakdown, and gave out one that is something on the order of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' (Adelante siempre). I began the verse; in one minute I had lost my place in surprise and stumbled to catch up; but it made very little difference really, for even Esther's voice was drowned in the volume that poured forth. Evidently they liked to sing, and had not dared in the regular services. How they sang—sweetly, clearly, joyously! So we tried another, with like success. Then, after a short prayer, Miss Bushée told them about the beginning of a society in America composed of young people, and how this society had grown, and extended to nearly every part of the world. They listened attentively to every word, especially when she read the pledge. Of course it is an associate members' pledge, but we have made it include much more than an associate's in America.

Then we proposed that one of them should select a hymn, which was done immediately, and was sung with the same zest as before. I told them then about the great convention at Washington last summer, showing them various badges, and telling them about the music, the tents, the people (more than in all San Sebastian), the enthusiasm, the cheering for Dr. Clark and Mr. Baer, and just a little of the speeches. After an earnest prayer by Dona Esther and another vigorously sung hymn, we encouraged them to talk. They began a little shyly to ask questions, and then grew very much interested and wanted to form a society, saying they could meet at two p. m. every other Sunday afternoon. We would let them sign the pledge that afternoon, but allowed them to elect a president and secretary out of their number. And our boys' society was formed! They went away, and we looked to see if the half hour was up,—and we had been there an hour and a half!

The following Sunday was Christian Endeavor day, and the evening service had been given into the charge of the two societies here, the College and the Juniors. It had been arranged for before the boys' society existed. But the young men were on hand, and evidently wanted to take part; so we provided them with a little badge of red and yellow ribbon (the Spanish national colors), and some little notices to read of world-wide Christian Endeavor movement. When their turn came, each rose and read his article in a clear voice. One coincidence pleased them very much,—the Christian Endeavor's sixteenth anniversary was also the sixteenth birthday of their newly elected president.

The following week the president came early in a state of excitement. It was a great feast day, and two of the boys had been invited by their fathers, who have positions in the railway offices, to take an excursion that afternoon with them. He was going to see if he could persuade them to give it up, so he might be late. We waited some time, talking to the two faithful ones, who had brought with them two recruits, and then, when we began to fear that President Luis, too, had been enticed by the prospect of a free excursion, in he walked with the other two boys. Please, those of you who think that to give up a most rare railway excursion is a small thing, remember how you felt when you were a boy.

In all, seven were present, and six insisted on signing the pledge. The secretary was shown how to write and read the Act (minutes), and our society was formally started.

They were delighted to learn some new hymns that the College Christian Society had translated,—'Scatter Sunshine,' 'Let a Little Sunshine In,' etc. How they did enjoy them! For a while we had a regular singing society.

As every one of these lads must be a soldier in a very little while, we have taken up as subjects,—the true soldier; his weapons, his enemies, and his Captain. They listen earnestly, even taking some part; and when voluntary prayers were asked for, we were surpised and touched by an earnest, boyish prayer from the president. With two meetings we have now seven members.—'Life and Light.'

'Cling Close to the Rock, Johnny.'

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, was passing over the Allegheny Mountains, on the way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on, the passengers felt that they had begun to descend, and needed no power but the invisible force of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony: 'Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!' Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and every one rose up in his place, fearing destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn into the curve the engineer saw a little girl and baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye looking over could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out: 'Cling close to the rock, Johnny!' cling close to the *rock!*'

And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirred past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the cars stopped at a station, where an old man and his son got off. He had come so far to part with his child, who was going to an Eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of his father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: 'Cling close to the Rock, my son!' He wrung the hand of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might 'cling to the Rock Christ Jesus.'—'Sunday-School Visitor.'

Day and Night.

Some time ago I paid a visit to a linseed oil mill which is run twenty-four hours a day, and was kindly conducted through it by the foreman. The first room visited was the pressroom. Here the flaxseed was ground into meal and heated, and then put into a form which inclosed it in a stout canvas cloth of the proper size and shape which permitted the mold thus made to slide into the groove in the press itself. The press was about seven feet high and many feet long, so that a large number of molds could be pressed at once. Hydraulic pressure is used which is so great that the pressed seed retains its shape after cooling, and is fed to cattle under the name of oil cake.

Then we visited in turn the boiler-room, cooper-shop and store-room, until one could but be impressed with the size of the concern. Lastly we visited the basement, where the oil is allowed to settle before being shipped. Walking across a plank over a large vat the foreman pointed out a small stream of oil.

'That,' he said, 'is the final result.' The stream was only about the size of a lead pencil, so I was considerably taken aback.

I said: 'Do you mean to say that stream is the total output of this mill?'

'That is so,' he replied, 'but you must remember that runs day and night.'

That was the secret: it was not so much the size as the constancy of the stream that made the aggregate annual output of that mill enormous. There is a lesson in this for all. Many are tempted to be discouraged at the smallness of their influence. But the question is, is your life testimony interrupted for Christ? Does it 'run day and night'? If so, your influence is great, and the aggregate will appear here and hereafter.—'Epworth Herald.'

You can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labor, but you can add to the same minute thought and love. —James Freeman Clarke.

LITTLE FOLKS

Making a Good Start.

Start well and end best. These were the words that Arthur Sidney was trying to write in his copy-book. He was writing them in a very neat text hand, and really for a boy of eight they were very well written.

Arthur's mother looked over his shoulder and said, 'That heading will make an excellent motto with which to begin the new year. I hope you will think about it to-morrow morning.'

'Yes, mother, I will,' replied Arthur. 'To-morrow is New Year's Day; I will try my very best to be a better boy than I have been all this year.'

Arthur went to bed, but his sleep was disturbed by the bells inviting all people to attend the watch-night service. Arthur listened as the bells seemed to say, 'Ding-dong, start well, ding-dong, end-best.' At last he fell asleep and had pleasant dreams of New Year's parties.

The next morning Arthur found on his dressing table a pretty card, on which he read the following lines:

'FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Every day, always pray,
Read God's sacred Word;
Holy live, always forgive,
Go singing like a bird.'

This was a little sermon which Arthur needed very much, for more than once he had lingered in bed so long that he had no time even to say his prayers, and even when he had a few minutes to spare he was obliged to occupy them in preparing the lessons he ought to have prepared the night before.

'This is a gentle hint from Mother,' said Arthur, as he read the card; 'I must turn over a new leaf.'

Down he knelt and earnestly asked God to make him a good boy, then he found his Scripture Union card and read the verses selected for the day.

'A happy New Year to you, Mother,' he shouted as he went bounding into the breakfast-room, and then he gave his mother one of the sweetest of kisses.

'Who has had my paint-box?' he asked a minute after in a rough voice, for Arthur's eye had noticed on the floor several paints, and he recognized them as his own.

'I's been playing with 'em,' whispered the tiny voice of Louie, who was hiding behind the arm-chair, 'and they dropped out of my hands.'

'How dare you play with my paint box? Play with your own toys. Come here and pick every one of them up, you naughty little girl.'

Louie came out of her hiding-place, and beginning to cry she set to work to find the lost paints.

'I'll never play with you any more,' said Arthur; and at this threat Louie cried all the more.

'Arthur, Arthur,' said Mrs. Sydney, quietly, 'how soon you forget your good resolutions; speaking so harshly to Louie is not making a good start for the New Year. You should forgive her freely, and try to make her laugh.'

It was now Arthur's turn to cry. I am glad to say his tears were really tears of repentance; during the whole of New Year's Day he was very kind to Louie.

When he went to bed his mother made him repeat the four lines on his card, and the next morning he was singing so happily because he felt that he had conquered one little sin into which he often fell.—'The Adviser.'

MAKING A GOOD START.

Harry and Larry's New Play.

Harry and Larry were friends. 'We are almost just alike,' Harry used to say. 'L and H is the only difference.'

Some people thought they were not at all alike. Harry's father was the richest man in town, and lived in the largest house. Larry had no father and his mother was the poorest woman in town and lived in the smallest house.

And yet these boys were alike in one good way. They both had mothers who taught them that clothes and houses and rich papas do not make the real difference in people. The thing to ask when you want a little boy for a friend is not what sort of a jacket does he wear?

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Sabbath School.

LESSON XII.—September 19.

Paul's Address to the Ephesian Elders.

Acts xx., 22-35. Read vs. 3-38. Commit vs 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.'—Acts xx., 35.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xx., 1-16.—Paul's Journey to Miletus.
T. Acts xx., 17-38.—Paul's address to the Ephesian elders.
W. Eph. i., 1-23.—'To the saints which are at Ephesus.'
Th. Heb. ix., 1-28.—The power of Christ's blood.
F. Mark xiii., 19-37.—Warning against false prophets.
S. I. Pet., i., 1-25.—An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.'
S. Luke vi., 37-49. — 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.'

Lesson Story.

Three weeks ago we saw how Paul left Ephesus after teaching there for three years. Travelling through Macedonia and Greece, he had revisited all the churches he had founded, and now, accompanied by seven delegates from the Gentile churches, he was hastening to Jerusalem with the collection for the poor Christians there. Arriving at Miletus, about thirty miles from Ephesus, Paul sends for the elders of the Ephesian church to come down to the coast, as he does not know at what time the ship may set sail again.

When the elders arrived, he delivered to them an earnest address on faithfulness, charging them to care for and feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers. Referring to his own life and conduct among them, he reminded them that he had done his duty faithfully and was free from all further responsibility.

Commending them to God, he knelt down and prayed with them all, and they sorrowfully and tearfully bade him farewell, knowing that they should see his face no more.

Lesson Hymn.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
'Watch and pray.'

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
'Watch and pray.'

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim;
'Watch and pray.'

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word;
'Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
'Watch and pray.'

Lesson Hints.

'Bound in the spirit'—having as it were a foresight of the bonds and affliction which awaited him at Jerusalem. 'Not knowing,' but having a foreboding of trouble. 'The Holy Ghost witnesseth'—with his own spirit, and through the prophecies of others. (Ch. xxi., 4, 11.) 'Abide me'— wait for me.

'None of these things move me,' from my onward course. The joy of proclaiming the gospel of Jesus was even more sacred to him than life itself.

'I am pure from the blood of all men'—having labored faithfully I have discharged my whole responsibility. (See Ezekiel xxxiii., 6-9.)

'Overseers' — bishops, under-shepherds of the flock, not hirelings. (John x., 11, 12.)

'Grievous wolves'—Those who will destroy the faith and lead astray. As the wolf is the enemy of the shepherd so those that lead souls astray are the enemies of Christ, the great shepherd of the sheep. 'Not sparing the flock' — choosing the choicest. Tempting those who would do the most good. Seeking to spoil the influence of the most spiritual, by some little blemish of character. Deceiving, if possible, the very elect. (See II. Pet., ii., 1-3.) 'Perverse' — contrary to the truth.

'Watch'—an emphatic warning. A word which can not be too much emphasized. The need of vigilance in all matters is scarcely second to the need of prayer. We must watch that we may know how to pray, we must pray that we may know how to watch.

'Sanctified'—made holy and blameless before God by the power of his cleansing. (John xvii., 17. Heb. xii., 14. Ezek., xxxvi., 25-29.)

Search Questions.

Name Paul's travelling companions on his way to Jerusalem.

Primary Lesson.

In Paul's last address to the elders of the church at Ephesus, he warned them to be watchful and remember all the things he had taught them.

In some parts of Africa there is a disease called 'sleeping sickness.' When a person takes this disease he sleeps nearly all the time, if he is roused to eat he will go to sleep again with the food in his hand. Too sleepy to eat, too sleepy to drink, too sleepy to pay attention to anything, forgetting all in sleep.

Would you set such a person to be a watchman? No man can watch in his sleep, can he ? It would be hard to remember things in sleep, would it not?

Sometimes there comes a kind of 'sleeping sickness' on the church. They forget to take their food—not the bread and butter that is needed to feed their bodies, but the word of God, which is necessary to nourish their souls. They forget to drink of the water of life, too sleepy to 'draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

All Christians are set to be watchmen over the souls of others, yet often they seem to be too sleepy to care about other people, too careless to help any one come to Jesus.

What is the remedy for this 'sleeping sickness'? There is no remedy for the kind they have in Africa, they cannot rouse themselves or be roused in any way, and they can not live long without food or nourishment, so they just sleep themselves to death.

But there is a remedy for the sleepiness which comes over the souls of Christians, they can be roused to see the selfishness of sleeping when souls all around them are needing their help. There is plenty to do everywhere if we would just open our eyes to see it. Jesus will show us what to do for him, and how to be watchful. 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Sound the battle-cry,' 'Onward, upward, 'Tell the glad story,' 'Bringing in the sheaves,' 'The Church's one foundation, 'When Jesus comes to reward,' 'Why do you wait?' 'Do something for Jesus.'

Practical Points.

(BY A. H. CAMERON.

(Acts., xx., 22-23.)

Sept., 19.

Neither ignorance of the future, nor knowledge of coming persecution will check the pilgrim's progress. Verses 22, 23.

These are truths of Holy Writ dearer to the consecrated Christian than property, or friends or life. Verse 24.

It is solemn to part with friends to meet no more on earth, but this solemnity will be sweetened with holy joy, if, like Paul, we proclaim 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Verses 25 to 27.

How precious is the Church, since it was purchased with the blood of Christ. Verse 28.

The wolves from without are not more dangerous to the life of the Church than the hypocrites within. Verses 29, 30.

Watchfulness is as needful as prayer. Prayer looks up, watchfulness looks within and around. Verse 31; compare Luke xxi., 36.

God's word is powerful. It convicts, then converts, then builds up, and finally becomes our passport into the heavenly inheritance, where it shall be our joy forever. Verse 32.

Paul was in a good position to declare the blessedness of giving, because his whole life after conversion, was given to the service if his Lord. Verses 33-35.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Sept. 5.—Our gifts from God; our gifts to God.—Rom. 8: 26-39.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Sept. 5.—What does God give us, and what should we give God? Rom. viii.,31-39.

The Bad Boy.

It is both pathetic and amusing to note how often the question occurs, 'What can we do with the bad boy?' He it is who spoils the class, demoralizes the Sunday-school, and is the despair of superintendents and teachers. That must be a presumptuous speaker who assumes to answer this question with the assurance that he can propose a universal remedy, warranted to cure in all cases. But he may, with all diffidence, submit a few suggestions. Bad boys are not all of the same variety of badness. To apply one method indiscriminately to all troublesome boys works more harm than good. You must know your boy accurately. Perhaps his "badness" is merely an overplus of energy. He is full of mischief for lack of something better to supply an outlet for his vitality. Obviously, this boy needs to be kept busy, and to be loaded with some responsibility that will employ his steam in a useful form.

If you capture the leader, you capture the rest. Watch a crowd of boys anywhere and you may detect that some one is the natural leader. Where he goes the others follow. If he chooses to spend Sunday in games, fishing or bicycling, his crowd are with him. If he attends Sunday-school, his cronies are there. If he creates disorder, they extend it. If he talks about the circus, that fills all their minds. But if perchance he turns to some question of right or wrong, or of biblical interpretation, they will keep still and listen. Capture the leader in order to get his companions.

But how get the leader? By setting him to work in some way, as before indicated. Make him interested and enthusiatic in some good thing. If he wants that good thing done, he will get the other fellows to help. He may be a trifle of a bully. Perhaps he will threaten to thrash the chap who opposes him. But his tongue and example usually suffice without the use of the fist.

A superintendent suggests that where there are two bad boys in a class it is best to separate them. If they are contesting for leadership in evil, each will provoke the other to worse things until the whole class is demoralized; yet neither will yield to good influences in the face of his opponent. When the second bad boy is only the echo and lieutenant of his leader, it is no less desirable to get him away. Divide and conquer.

Another superintendent collects all the worst boys of the school into one class. Thus he protects other classes from demoralization; and the bad elements wear each other out after a while, and may be ready for something better.—'Sunday-school World.'

The Sunday-school teacher should remember three things: 1. That his responsibility as teacher of that class is to God, and not simply to the superintendent. 2. That he is the teacher of that class seven days in the week and not simply on Sunday. 3. That he can not expect to raise his class spiritually to a higher plane than he occupies himself.

HOUSEHOLD.

Starching and Ironing.

It requires some practice to starch, fold and iron any garments in the best and easiest manner, but 'patient continuance in well-doing' will soon make an expert in almost any labor, and then it is no longer a disagreeable task. In doing up shirts, wristbands and collars should be starched first if the collars are sewed on. Dip them into the hot starch, and as soon as the hand can bear the heat (and dipping the hand in cold water often will expedite the work) rub the starch in very thoroughly, taking care that no motes or lumps of starch adhere to the linen. Then starch the shirt bosom in the same way, keeping the starch hot all the time by setting the dish in a deep pan of boiling water. Rub it into the linen very carefully, pass the finger under the plaits and raise them up so that the starch shall penetrate all through evenly. Some rub it into the plaits with a piece of clean linen, but we think the hand does the work more thoroughly and evenly. When perfectly starched shake out the shirt evenly, fold both sides of the bosom together and bring the shoulders and side seams together evenly that will lay the sleeves one over the other, and after pulling the wristbands into shape smoothly they can thus be folded together and the wristbands rolled tightly and with the sleeves be folded and laid even on the sides of the shirt. Then turn the sides with the sleeves over onto the front, and beginning at the neck roll the whole tightly together, wrap in a towel and let it remain so several hours before ironing—all night if starched and folded in the evening—and in the summer put in a cool place where the starch will not sour, and in the winter kept warm enough to prevent freezing.

Table linen and sheets can be snapped, stretched and folded much easier and better by two persons than by one, certainly more expeditiously. Neat and smooth folding and tight rolling makes the ironing much easier as well as better. A good ironing-blanket, a clean sheet and soft holders are necessary.

Put beeswax between pieces of paper or cloth and keep on the table close by the flat-iron stand. If the irons get coated with scorched starch rub them over the paper that holds the wax and it will all come off. Rubbing the iron over the waxed paper, even if no starch adhere, adds to the glossiness of the linen that is ironed.

Embroideries need to be ironed on the wrong side, over flannel. Keep a dish of clean cold water and a clean soft sponge or piece of linen near by, so that any spot imperfectly ironed may be wet and ironed over again, or any mote or bit of starch be taken off. A piece of fine sandpaper is also a good thing to have near the stove, or a hard, smooth board covered with brick dust, to rub each iron on when it is put back on the stove, so that no starch may remain to be burnt on.

The bosoms and cuffs of shirts, indeed of all nice, fine work, will look clearer and better if they are first ironed under a piece of thin old cambric. It takes off the first heat of the iron that might yellow the article a little, and removes any lumps of starch which might otherwise spoil the work. To do up shirt bosoms in the most perfect way one must have a 'polishing iron'—a small iron rounded over and highly polished on the ends and sides. Spread the bosom on a hard and very smooth board, with only one thickness of cotton cloth sewed tight across it. Spread a wet cloth over and iron quickly with a hot iron, then remove the cloth and with a polishing iron, as hot as it can be used without scorching, rub the bosom quick and hard up and down, not crosswise. Use only the rounded part on the front of the iron, that puts all the friction on a small part at one time, and gives the full benefit of all the gloss in starch or linen.—Mrs. Beecher, in 'Christian Union.'

Salads.

(By Katherine Armstrong, in New York 'Observer.')

There are few more welcome or more appetizing dishes presented to us when the thermometer is nearing the nineties than salads. The very name suggests coolness—crisp lettuce, dressing tart, the very sight of a well and tastefully made salad is refreshing. And it takes so little of material to make a toothsome one. There is absolutely no need of putting such an unreasonable amount of time and labor into the concoction of a good salad, as many do. Any wise and provident manager will take a look ahead, and have most of the materials ready before wanted. A little delicate fish, left from yesterday's dinner, also a beet boiled and cold, and a couple of hard-boiled eggs, then with one good head of lettuce and salad dressing that can be bought good at almost any grocery store, a delicious salad can be made in ten minutes. Pick apart the lettuce leaves and allow them to lie in ice water an hour, then wash and inspect closely, for the best is not always free from little green objections—the exact color of the leaves themselves. Shake each leaf separately as dry as possible, and lay around the edge of the salad bowl, the lightest part of each leaf to the outer edge, form a sort of bed of the lettuce, reserving the centre of the head of lettuce for the centre of the salad when completed. Now sprinkle over the lettuce the fish, then one beet, cut in long narrow strips, or even finely chopped, then slice the hard-boiled eggs and lay around the edge in regular order, or cut them four times lengthwise and ornament the border; over all, but not too near the edge, pour a generous allowance of dressing and stand the core of the lettuce in the centre. Much skill and taste can be shown in the fanciful arrangement of these few simple materials. They can be put together in a score of different ways, each making a pretty and attractive dish. The materials cost but little. Chicken, lobster, sardines, cold veal can be substituted for fish.

When time is no object, the dressing should be made at home. The materials of that, too, are comparatively inexpensive, yet a good salad is usually looked upon as an expensive dish. A plain but very good dressing is made after this rule: Into a bright, clean saucepan put two cups of vinegar, not too sharp—if so, reduce it with water. While this is coming to a boil, oil a half cup of butter over the fire and beat three eggs light with an egg-beater. To the eggs add one teaspoonful of salt, smooth nearly a teaspoonful of dry mustard in five spoonfuls of cream or milk, and stir this into the beaten eggs. Then stir in the oiled butter, beating thoroughly. Then, upon this pour the boiling vinegar, stirring continually and briskly so it will not curdle. Return all to the saucepan, put over the fire, and keep stirring till it boils lively for one moment, then remove to a cool place, and when cold place upon the ice to become stiff. The salad should never be prepared, and, surely, the dressing never put over it till immediately before it is sent to the table. If salad oil is preferred to butter it should be added gradually—the last thing; the quantity is a matter of taste. Good oil is expensive; some, for that reason, use butter instead; but poor oil is not fit to buy at all; it is made from anything but olives.

Hints For Little Hands.

There are so many things which little hands may do as well or better than big ones, I am going to give you a hint sometimes about them. One task that every mother will be glad to have assistance in is dusting. There are, perhaps, vases the little hands may not meddle with, and costly trifles mamma has told you not to touch; these you must pass by, but all the ins and outs, crooks and corners, of fancy chairs, table legs, piano stools and the like, as well as base boards and moldings, may be carefully wiped and kept free from dust by a very small child, and think of the time and labor it would save mother.

Economize Strength.

'I have practised economy, more or less, all my life,' said Lizzie Clark Hardy, 'but, do you know, I have come to believe that the very best economy a busy housekeeper can practise is that of time and strength. To that end I have my flour bin and all my cooking utensils as near my kitchen table as possible, and just back of the table I have a cupboard opening through into the dining-room, with the dining table on the other side. When the meal is ready, the food is passed through to the dining table, thus saving many steps. My desk stands in the corner of the dining-room, and just now, I am baking my bread while chatting with the Economy Club.'

Selected Recipes.

Broiled Sweetbreads.—Soak in boiling water; dry and place on a gridiron over hot coals; turn until well done; take up on a hot dish and season with pepper, salt and butter.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Instead of using bread crumbs, have ready some cooked macaroni, and into the pudding dish put alternate layers of it and tomatoes, and seasoning with a pinch of cayenne, butter plenty and salt, and sprinkle fine cracker dust on the top with bits of butter scattered over, to form a rich, brown crust. Half an hour in a brisk oven is sufficient to bake it. Cold cooked rice, treated in exactly the same way, in place of the macaroni, makes an agreeable change.

Rye Muffins.—One pint of rye flour, half a pint of graham flour, half a pint of wheat flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two spoonsfuls of salt, and a pint of milk. Mix in a smooth batter and bake in hot muffin molds.

Dark Starch.—For all dark articles that require starch, such as black and brown calicoes, percales and muslins, coffee starch is the best. Mix two tablespoonfuls of the best starch with cold water to a paste. When free from lumps stir into this paste a pint of boiling-hot coffee, perfectly clear. Let it boil five or ten minutes. Stir it with a spermaceti or wax candle. Strain the starch and dip the colored calicoes, etc., in it. This starch must not be used on light-colored goods, or such as have any white in them.

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